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1918

IN THE SHADOW OF MT. TAMALPAIS

BY

ADELBERT CLARK



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**IN THE SHADOW OF MT. TAMALPAIS**





# In The Shadow of Mt. Tamalpais

By  
Adelbert Clark

**M**AN is a man wherever he is found  
and is entitled to all that a man  
can be.

YUTAKA MINAKUCHI

Lakeport, N. H.  
1918

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Adelbert Clark

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DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER



WHAT think you the earth will be like  
when the majority of men and  
women in it learn that to be simple and  
honest and true is the part of wisdom, and  
that to work for Love and Beauty is the  
highest good?

ELBERT HUBBARD



## DAYBREAK ON SAN PABLO BAY

**I**T is morning, and a glory  
Spreads across the quiet bay  
Like the petals of a wildrose  
Scattered, tossing with the spray.  
Silently the white-winged sea-gulls,  
Look! are darting to and fro  
Swift in flight as Indian arrows  
Speeding from a well-aimed bow.

All the western sky is tinted  
With the color of the rose,  
Clouds are white as foaming billows  
Or the banks of drifted snows.  
By and by, the pale pink ripples  
Turn the waves to amber hue,  
And the day has fully awakened  
And has donned her robes of blue.

**I**F you have ceased to be moved by religious emotion, no longer dwell on poetry, and are not swayed by music, it is because the love instinct that is within you has withered to ashes of roses.

ELBERT HUBBARD

## IN LO-DEBAR

**M**ANY a soul is wandering  
In Lo-debar tonight,  
Where none can save nor satisfy  
Nor give one ray of light.  
The lust of flashing diamonds,  
The love of yellow gold,  
Can temper hearts to hardest stone  
And turn them icy cold.

Many a soul is wandering  
In Lo-debar tonight,  
Its path is in the vale Sheol,  
Without a ray of light.  
God grant that I may illuminate  
Through simple rhyme and song  
The evil, 'till Christ's sacrifice,  
Shall bar the paths of Wrong.

God loves the soul in Lo-debar  
And fain would lift it up,  
But it rebels and stubbornly  
Turns from the golden cup.  
The proud world pleasures scintillate  
Until they cannot see  
The glory of Immanuel—  
The cross of Calvary.



## COURAGE

THERE was sunshine in your bosom  
Till the dark clouds lowering came;  
There was love that none could sever,  
Burning with a steady flame.  
Lift your head, oh fallen brother!  
Love is coming from the skies  
With her dear arms full of flowers  
From the fields of Paradise.

All the clouds of storm that darken  
Rolling o'er the sunny way,  
You have gathered by your fretting  
And your baseless doubts today!  
But the sweetest of all visions  
Is the one that lifts us up,  
Holding to our lips Love's potion  
In an alabaster cup.

Cares are only little serpents  
That we harbor all too long;  
They will turn to sting us, brother,  
Sealing lips and hearts from song.  
Would you see bright skies of azure,  
Clear of every storm and pain?  
Then throw off that chilly mantle  
And behold your God again!

## THE EXILE

FAR away in sylvan shadows  
    Stands the homestead of my birth,  
By a silver flowing river,  
    Dearest spot to me, on earth,  
There the birds are ever singing  
    In the treetops leafy shade,  
And the wild-flow'rs are blooming  
    In the damp and bosky glade.

O how fondly I remember  
    Songs that mother used to sing,  
When the nightfall o'er the valley  
    Spread protectingly its wing,  
O'er the little family circle  
    Hallowed by a mother's pray'r,  
All of us were watched and guarded  
    From a world of pain and care.

Now, within the ruined churchyard  
    Where the trailing ivies creep,  
Lie the loved ones of my childhood  
    In a long and dreamless sleep.  
And to-night, I'm sad and lonely  
    In this land beyond the foam,  
For my heart is ever longing  
    For my dear New England home.

## LAVENDER

HAVE you ever heard the story  
Of the lavender that grows  
In old gardens quaint and fragrant  
With the mignonette and rose?  
It was in a quiet village  
Many, many years ago,  
That a maiden loved and worshiped,  
Just as maidens do, you know.

And 'tis said that she is sweeter  
Than the flowers that she grew;  
Sweeter than old-fashioned roses  
Jeweled with the morning dew.  
Sweeter than a world of flowers,  
For she conquered every strife—  
But although her face is lovely,  
No man ever called her wife.

When she died and went to heaven,  
Lo! she saw so much of pain  
Here on earth, she prayed the Master  
That she might return again.  
So she lives among the blossoms  
In old gardens trim and neat,  
And sweet lavender they call her,  
Just because she is so sweet.

## A FLOWER OF HEAVEN

JUST a little snowy blossom  
Full of Love and Trust and Hope  
On the waves of life's dark billows,  
Tossing in a wee frail boat.  
Just a little childish prayer,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep;  
If I die before I waken,  
Pray thee Lord, my soul to keep."

God looked down upon the flower  
Frail and broken on the wave,  
And he took it to his bosom—  
He alone hath pow'r to save.  
Do not weep for those that's happy!  
Do not with your bitter tears  
Spoil the sweetest flowers of Heaven!  
Wait with patience through the years.

We don't know the Master's secrets,  
But we know His ways are best,  
For they bring at last, contentment,  
And a sure and perfect rest.  
Just a little flower in Heaven!  
Can't you see it blooming there?  
Can't you hear his merry laughter?  
Can't you hear his childish pray'r?

## BARNABUS

O Barnabus, the years speed by  
As swiftly as the clouds;  
The flowers droop and wither fast—  
Earth hides them with her shrouds.  
Yet love goes on unwavering  
Through night, through day, through space,  
And though the fleet years bring their pain,  
They cannot hide your face.

Thank God for love's sweet memory!  
It conquers every fear.  
It paints your picture full of life  
Through all the changing year.  
Your wavey hair and bright blue eyes,  
Your gay and graceful ways,  
I see it all—love's vision dwells  
With me, these summer days.

O Barnabus, the years roll by  
But love is on the wing,  
And backward to Apostle-days,  
Of prophet, priest and king,  
I see St. Barnabas and Paul  
Who gave their lives for men,  
I hear them speak unwritten truths—  
God's bulwarks, these have been.

Ah, friend, beyond dark prison-walls  
    Much good can spring to bloom,  
Just as the lily pure and white  
    That grew at Joseph's tomb.  
A smile in spite of all that's dark,  
    A kindly word to cheer,  
A happy song when all goes wrong,  
    The dark skies soon will clear.

O Barnabus, the years go by,  
    But love goes on and on,  
Though days are dark and nights are long,  
    Love keeps us brave and strong.  
So here's a hand to help you, friend,  
    Through all the way along,  
And here's a heart to conquer pain,  
    With Love's triumphant song.

THE soul grows by leaps and bounds,  
    by throes and throbs. A flash, and a  
glory stands revealed for which you have  
been groping blindly through the years.

ELBERT HUBBARD

## TRAILING ARBUTUS

THERE'S a flower in the woodland  
Where the pines and hemlocks grow,  
Sweeter than the rose of summer,  
Whiter than the flakes of snow.  
'Tis the breath of God, and blossoms  
For the weary passer-by,  
And it sometimes holds the blushes  
Of a rosy sunset sky.

When the days are warm with sunshine,  
You will find it blooming there,  
And your soul will fill with gladness  
And your lips will breathe a pray'r.  
And I know that you will gather  
Just a handful for some soul  
That can never see the sunshine,  
Or like you, can take a stroll.

O, those sweet and fragrant blossoms,  
How they cheer the troubled breast,  
How they scatter every sorrow,  
Bringing hope and joy and rest!  
God has made them for a purpose  
And they blossom every year;  
You will find them in the woodland  
When the springtime days are near.



## THE SPIDER'S WEB

A spider spun his silver web  
Across a window-pane  
All blurred with dust of many days,  
And spattered o'er with rain.  
And then a silly fly came near  
From gardens fair and sweet,—  
A curiosity had she,  
The spider bold, to meet.

An engineer who thought he knew  
All signals and the road,  
Wrecked four and forty souls one night,  
Not far from their abode.  
“You cannot talk to me,” he said,  
“I’ve run for twenty years!”  
To-night, he sits behind the bars—  
His eyes are blurred with tears.

“I have no fear,” the nabob said,  
“My boy, will stain his name,  
And bring to us the curse of Cain—  
A drunkard’s reckless shame.”  
But lo! he lived to see his hopes  
Go crashing down in dust,  
For boasting lips and evil thoughts,  
Are kin to pride and lust.



## BROTHERHOOD

WHILE journeying through the path of life,  
If you should meet a friend  
Whose troubles seem to multiply  
Until there is no end,  
Just grasp him by the hand and say,  
"Old boy, how d'you do?"  
And say it so he'll know he's found  
A friend both stanch and true!

Don't tell him that he should have done,  
This thing, or that, or t'other,  
But greet him with a strong right arm  
And be a Christlike brother!  
Don't talk in accents weak and low,  
But speak it right out loud,  
That God will scatter sunshine soon,  
Through every rifted cloud.

'Tis strange that selfishness should rule  
This noble world of ours;  
That men of wealth should trample down  
The weak for higher pow'rs!  
But 'tis the same with Nature's laws,  
For lightning, wind and rain,  
Oft spoils the splendid works of man—  
Yet still he strives again!

A spider spun his silver web  
Across a window-pane,  
A gorgeous fly came flitting by,  
But ne'er came back again.  
The engineer, the nabob too,  
Were tangled in his thread,  
Beware, my brother, when the lights  
Are partly green and red!

A man of wealth once built a ship,—  
A palace fair to see,  
And boasted that it could not sink,  
However rough the sea.  
It left the port, two thousand souls  
Were on this splendid craft.  
It struck an iceberg, and it sank!  
'Twas torn from fore to aft.

The threads were broken in the web,  
But still the spider spun  
The silver strands that faintly gleamed  
Before the morning sun.  
And then he crept into a place  
Of safety, there to wait,  
For well he knew the silly fly  
Would come, to meet its fate.

So learn to take things as they come,  
And sing some happy song,  
The bravest one is he who shouts,  
Somehow we'll get along!"  
Who puts his shoulder to the blast  
When storms his life enshroud,  
And trusts in Him who rules the world,  
Behind the blackest cloud.

**N**OTHING is ever finished. Moses only saw the promised land, he never entered it. We never reach the promised land ourselves; we are fortunate if we only see it. The promised land is the ideal toward which we strive; to reach it would not bring happiness. The joy in life is in striving, not in attaining.

BRUCE CALVERT

LIFE is an unfoldment, and the further we travel the more truth we can comprehend. To understand the things that are at our door is the best preparation for understanding those that lie beyond.

HYPATIA

THERE are five good principles of action to be adopted: To benefit others without being lavish; to encourage labor without being harsh; to add to your resources without being covetous; to be dignified without being supercilious; and and to inspire awe without being austere.

CONFUCIUS

AND when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of the harvest. And thou shalt not gather every grape of thy vineyard: Thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger.

MOSES

## CONTENTMENT

**I**N every sunrise and in every sunset  
I can see your happy face,  
And from a heart of simple love and virtue,  
I can feel your kindly grace.  
And when the sea, its lullaby is singing  
Soft and low upon the shore,  
I seem to hear your voice in love-tones calling  
Me as in the days of yore.

When night falls calm and peaceful on the ocean,  
I see a vision in each star;  
A marble palace towers in snowy splendor  
Somewhere in yonder realms afar.  
And in my dreams you come to me and whisper  
And hold up to my quivering lip  
The cup of Love that gives me strength forever,  
And while you softly sing, I sip.

In every sunrise and in every sunset,  
I can see your happy face;  
Each day, each flower, brings forth something  
That prison-walls cannot deface.  
And when I watch the silver stars a-twinkle  
And think perchance you watch them too,  
The power of Love reflects your face of beauty  
For me against the heav'ns blue.

## BUTTERCUPS

I have just come from the meadows  
Where buttercups grow;  
The sweet-scented meadows all fragrant  
With things a-blow.  
At the edge of the wood enchanted  
Lo! I found them there,  
And each one breathed a message—  
A love-gift—a pray'r.

And so I gathered a handful  
To cheer and make and strong  
The inner spirit that labers,  
And craves a song.  
For oh! how often and often,  
The sad soul calls  
For something to love and brighten  
Its prison walls.

SO long as we Love, we Serve. So long  
as we are Loved by others I would almost say we are Indispensable; and no  
Man is Useless while he has a Friend.

ROBERT LEUIS STEVENSON

## EASTWARD

OPEN your window to the East  
And watch the dawn of day,  
And hear the singing of the birds  
Across the flowery way.  
Then learn the lesson from the Christ  
To wear a smiling face,  
Since sullen tones and gloomy frowns  
Cannot one wrong erase.

Behold the beauty of free life  
That waits for you and me,  
For there is more of sunny skies  
Than of adversity.  
And every bit of storm that hurls  
In stern defiance bold,  
Is fashioned by the hand of God  
Who holds the sunbeams gold.

Open your window to the East!  
Be brave and live your life!  
Believe them not, who tell you all  
The way is sin and strife.  
For blessedness of life, my friend,  
Is looking to the light!  
And foolish is the man who turns  
And gropes in gloom and night.

“CRUCIFY HIM! CRUCIFY HIM!

I stood in Herod's hall one day,  
Where countless treasures are,  
A marble fount, a silver god,  
A lamp like morning's star.  
I saw the proud and haughty king  
Upon a throne of gold,  
His face was pale with jealous hate,  
His heart was hard and cold.

“Go bring the child to me,” he said,  
“That I may worship, too,”  
He touched a dagger as he spoke;  
Its blade was keen and blue.  
And this was all in Herod's time  
When Christ to us was born;  
The curse of Lucifer was there,  
To mar the golden morn.

The days went by and Christ grew up  
And taught a simple creed;  
For him the flowers seemed to bloom  
In wood and vernal mead.  
The songbirds sang their sweetest trills,—  
The clearest ever heard,  
But Lucifer was ever near  
To kill the singing bird.



He healed the sick and gave the blind,  
Sight to their darkened eyes,  
And scattered sunshine when thick clouds  
Of grief, obscured the skies.  
But in the distant thunder, lo!  
I heard a warning cry,  
And saw three crosses dark and drear,  
And knew that death was nigh.

One day I stood in Pilate's hall,  
And lo! the Christ was there;  
The same sweet smile was on his face,  
Though hate was everywhere.  
His hands were bound with cruel cords  
That cut and made them sore,  
From which great drops of blood ran down  
And stained the marble floor.

The soldiers and the mob were there,  
(Blood-thirsty imps of hell.)  
They surged and crowded, cursed and swore,  
But Christ would not rebel.  
And Pilate in his robes of state  
Was seated on the throne.  
And "Crucify him!" then arose  
From cruel hearts of stone.

All this was many years ago,  
    But still I hear the cry;  
I hear it every day and year,  
    It haunts the earth and sky;  
I hear it from the lips of men  
    Before the altar-rail,  
I hear it from the pulpit, too!  
    The curse behind the veil.

O hypocrites! how dare ye stand  
    And break the law of Him  
Who said, Thou shalt not kill"? beware!  
    Lest thy good faith grows dim.  
Christ came not to the world to slay  
    The sinners in their sin,  
But soften hardened hearts that God  
    The Father might come in!

But see! the day is fading now,  
    For sets the golden sun,  
And from those prison walls I hear——  
    A groan—the deed is done.  
Across the sky, the darkened clouds  
    Are streaked with sunset fires;  
The emblem of a pagan scene  
    In sight of gilded spires!

## THE SEA

LAST night the sea was beautiful,  
The moon was o'er it shining,  
And as I looked my thirsty soul  
Ceased all its sad repining.  
Its many silver ripplelets  
A pearly path was making,  
And as I looked I had a dream—  
My soul to Love was waking.

And o'er that path so beautiful,  
The sound of voices singing,  
Filled all my soul with heavenly light—  
God's love to me was bringing.  
And when I woke the ripplelets,  
Kept up their joyful measure  
And made a song that filled the world  
With hope and bounding pleasure.

Last night the sea was beautiful,  
The moon was o'er it shining,  
And as I looked, my thirsty soul  
Ceased all its sad repining.  
It brought to mind sweet happiness,  
And set the joy-bells ringing,  
And taught me how to live through grace  
And bless the days with singing.

## EASTER VESPERS

AS the veil of twilight lowers  
O'er the golden breast of day,  
And the crimson cloudlets deepen  
Into bars of sober gray,  
From the lofty towers and steeples,  
Sweetest music ever heard  
From the soul-inspiring zither.  
Or the warbling notes of bird,  
Sound the silver bells of Easter,  
On the still and frosty air,  
Rising, falling,  
Ever calling,  
All the people unto prayer.

Like glad souls of hovering spirits,  
Lilies swing in perfect time,  
And the sweetness of their perfume  
Seems to breathe a love sublime.  
Soon across the brow of heaven,  
Jewels of the night appear;  
Angel faces looking downward  
Through the wintry atmosphere,  
Listening to the bells of Easter  
On the still and frosty air,  
Rising, falling,  
Ever calling,  
“ 'Tis the sacred hour of prayer.”

As the gath'ring twilight deepens  
    Bringing with it, peace and rest,  
And the children tired of playing  
    Lean upon each mother's breast,  
Sweet and tender as the lilies  
    Hidden under leaves of green,  
From the shadow-mantled towers  
    Like a seraph host unseen,  
Sound the silver bells of Easter  
    On the still and frosty air,  
        Rising, falling,  
        Ever calling,  
All the people unto prayer.

**M**EN are faithful for so long only as temptations pass them by. If the temptation be but strong enough, then will the man yield, for every man, like every rope, hath his breaking strain, and passion is to men what gold and power are to women—the weight upon their weakness.

H. RIDER HAGGARD

## DOING GOOD

**T**O do "no good" through all one's life,  
Is something not yet done.  
Each one, some earthly good must do  
From golden sun to sun.  
However small the act may be  
Along life's thorny way,  
Some smile, or kindly word, or deed  
Will glorify the day.

The simple flower by the road  
That cheers the pilgrim's soul,  
The hand that gives the crust of bread  
And pays the poor man's toll,  
Shall nowise lose his just reward,  
For every act shall tell  
Of holiness, and plead for him  
To save his soul from Hell.

Somewhere in every human life,  
Some bit of good is done;  
Some battle for the higher pow'r  
Man's loyalty has won.  
And this alone shall break the chains  
And set his spirit free,—  
And it shall be his guiding star  
Through all eternity.

## LOVE'S AWAKENING

I know not where my friend ss gone,  
But oh, I feel that he is near,  
For I behold a form more grand  
Than earthly clay and sable bier.  
Sometimes I think his spirit dwells  
Within the fragrant crimson rose  
That seems to blossom all for me,  
Within the garden's leafy close.

And sometimes in a happy song  
He seems to walk and talk with me;  
His very presence I can feel,  
His face I often almost see.  
The trilling of a little bird  
Will often bring his spirit near  
Until there is no room for grief,  
Nor pain, to cause one falling tear.

For in this life he loved the things  
That God has giv'n to us to love—  
The rose that blossoms pure and sweet,  
The singing bird, the cooing dove.  
"And someday I will come again,"  
He often used to say to me,  
"For I shall live in other forms  
To cheer the world, eternally."

And so I know that he still lives  
And bides with us, in earthly life,  
And when the end comes, Death will loose  
The heavy chains of pain and strife;  
And I shall pass through night and cloud,  
With only Love to lead the way,  
Until I meet him face to face,  
Who walks and talks with me, today.

I am fully and intensely aware that plants are conscious of love. You may give them all they need of food and drink, and they may grow and bloom, but there is a certain ineffable something that will be missing if you do not love them. Mine, is just a little old-fashioned garden where the flowers come together to praise the Lord and teach all who look upon to do likewise.

CELIA THAXTER



## IN CELIA THAXTER'S GARDEN

AT Celia Thaxter's garden-gate  
The fairest roses bloom,  
And fill the soul with sweetest joy,  
And scatter every gloom.  
And as one enters, lo, behold,  
From every blooming flow'r,  
They feel the presence of her charm,  
With all its soothing pow'r.

The fragrant spikes of mignonette,  
And poppies crimson flame,  
Are ever telling of her love,  
And try to speak her name.  
And oft I think within those hearts  
Of red and white and blue,  
The spirit of her own dear self  
Each year is born anew.

The songbirds seem to understaud  
That she is near to them,  
And now and then the lily bloom  
Nods on its slender stem.  
The gentle summer breeze that sweeps  
Across the deep blue sea,  
Tries hard to make us understand  
That Death has set her free!

## A DREAM

I drew the curtain by and looked  
Upon the starry night,  
And ah, the sight that came to me  
Filled all my soul with light.  
I saw a fountain rise and fall  
And heard a night-bird trill,  
Until my heart took up the theme—  
I looked, and drank my fill.

The scene was changed! and when I looked,  
I saw a prison-wall,  
A gallows dark and grim was there—  
A captive, slight and tall.  
I saw his face, 'twas ashen white;  
I saw him bend to kiss  
His mother's cheek and say "good-bye,"  
I heard the vipers hiss.

I rubbed my eyes, and when I looked,  
I saw a garden fair.  
Red roses blossomed by the path,  
And sweethearts lingered there.  
And from a cloudless sky there fell  
Great drops of crystal rain,  
A summer tempest, shattering  
The flow'rs in field and lane.

I heard a sob, and when I looked,  
I saw the prisoner's face  
All radiant with heavenly light—  
God's presence filled the place.  
I heard a voice, 'twas sweet and low,  
"They tortured me, you know."  
"Yes, Lord," I heard the prisoner say,  
In accents weak and low.

I heard a sigh, and when I looked,  
I saw two women there,  
And one was gray and bowed with years,  
And one was young and fair.  
They held a picture of a lad  
In prison stripes arrayed,  
Their faces bore the signs of grief—  
They prayed and prayed and prayed.

I drew the curtain back, and looked  
Upon the starry sky,  
And heard the night-wind in the trees—  
'Twas like a human cry.  
It beat upon my pallid cheek  
Like some poor soul astray;  
I leaned my head upon the sill  
And tried so hard to pray.

A voice was singing, and I looked,  
And saw a cross of gold  
Upon a hilltop rich with flow'rs,  
I watched each one unfold.  
I saw the Saviour and the lad  
Sit down to talk and rest;  
'Twas Christ! the bleeding, thorn-crowned Christ!  
A star was on his breast.

And when they passed me by, I looked  
Straight in that shining face,  
And lo! it was the prison lad,  
Saved by God's loving grace.  
He looked at me and came so near,  
I felt his finger-tips  
Fresh from the very throne of God,  
Upon my quivering lips.

I respect a man because he behaves like  
a man, not because he lives in a  
marble palace.

CHARLES KLEIN

## HE WHO STANDS STILL IS LOST

CLIMB steadily brother, the mountain is steep,  
And the journey is lonely and drear,  
But soon the bright sun that is under a cloud  
Will burst into radiance clear.  
There is joy, there is hope, there is peace, there is rest,  
For those who in spite of the cost,  
Endure all the hardships that wait by the way!  
But he who stands still is lost.

There's no more of the bleak bitter winter, my friend,  
Then there is of the warm summer days;  
There's no more of the sorrow and weeping and pain,  
Than of laughter to brighten life's ways.  
For the winter has sunshine and beautiful hours  
Full of merriment, pleasure and song,—  
All nature is striving to bless and to cheer  
And to make us both valiant and strong.

So climb with true patience in sunshine and cloud,  
For after the the darkness comes night,  
And the crown of the toiler is richer with pearls  
When he face with courage the fight.  
There is life, there is love, there is home, there is God,  
For those who in spite of the cost,  
Climb up to the summit unheeding their scars!  
But he who stands still is lost.

## THE POET'S ROSE

JOYOUSLY the bells of Sabbath  
Vibrated through the air,  
On a cold, bleak, wintry evening,  
Calling all the world to prayer,  
While within an attic gloomy,  
With the frost upon the pane,  
Sat a poet sad and weary,  
For his thoughts were o'er the main.

Tattered was his coat, and faded,  
But his heart was ever true  
As the silver stars that glitter  
In the distant vaulted blue.  
And beneath his fingers chilly,  
Was a fragrant blood-red rose  
With a mass of velvet petals,  
Nestled close in sweet repose.

"Oh thou sweet and fragrant blossom  
From my love across the sea,  
Breathe the message she entrusted  
To your care to give to me!  
Tell me, oh I pray, sweet blossom  
That she sends to me a kiss,  
And a sweetheart's fondest blessing—  
For 'twould fill my soul with bliss!"

But the blossom lay in silence,  
Close beneath his finger-tips—  
All unheeded were the pleadings  
From his pale and quiv'ring lips.  
But that night the while he slumbered,  
Lo! a smile lit up his face,  
For the rose, it breathed its message,  
In that cold and lonely place.

And when rosy dawned the morning,  
And the sun was on the stair,  
Lo! they found him limp and lifeless—  
Dead, within his study chair.  
And the red rose that he cherished,  
In its beauty rare and sweet,  
Pressed its clear, dark velvet petals,  
Close against his pallid cheek.

GIVE me the man who can hold on  
when others let go; who pushes  
ahead when others turn back; who gets  
stronger when others weaken; who knows  
no such words as "can't" or "give up,"  
and I will show you a man who will win  
in the end, no matter who opposes him,  
no matter what obstacles confront him.

ORISON SWETT MARSDEN

ONCE there was a man and woman.  
They lived together. They loved, &  
lived, and planned, and worked. And  
when they died and went to Heaven  
they found they had been living in  
Paradise all the time.

ELBERT HUBBARD

WE have bridged the chasm of the  
creeds, and have found brothers in  
every church. Every tear that is shed in  
pity for the race seems to us a part of  
the atonement, and in every heroic act  
God comes down in the form of man to  
redeem the world. Calvary is the sym-  
bol of that undying love which every  
age has witnessed and Christ is one of  
many who have proclaimed on uplifted  
cross the truth of heaven. But, my bro-  
ther, are the miracles related in ancient  
manuscripts better proof of God than  
the miracle of the morning-glory or the  
wonder of the evening star?

REV. HERBERT S. BIGELOW



## THE PRISONER'S SONG

**B**ETWEEN the bars I count the stars  
And hear the night-winds sighing,  
And from the sky, I hear the cry  
Of dusky bats a-flying.  
And as I watch each tiny torch  
In yonder sky a-blazing,  
My soul is blest and I'm at rest—  
The joy is oh a-mazing!

And as the morn in opal born  
Spreads out its silver veiling,  
I watch with pride, its vapors glide  
With tints of lilac trailing  
Where fragrant snows of budding rose  
Fill all the early morning  
With rich perfume—oh happy bloom,  
Love comes to me adorning!

And as the sun like jewels run  
Through emerald grasses slender,  
I lift my eyes to azure skies  
And bless my God, the sender.  
And though within these walls of sin  
I live and toil forever,  
God teaches me His mystery  
Which none can ever sever.

In every flow'r I see God's pow'r,  
And know that sins forgiven,  
Like thistle-down is softly blown  
Before the light winds driven.  
The song of bird at noonday heard,  
Soothes every pang of sorrow,  
So on the hill of Might and Will,  
I face with strength the Morrow!

**W**HEN trouble is brewing, keep still.  
When your feelings are hurt, keep  
still—till you recover from your excitement,  
at any rate. Time works wonders.  
Wait till you can speak calmly, and then  
possibly you will not need to speak.  
Silence is the most massive thing conceivable,  
sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur.

DOCTOR BURTON

## THE LILAC BANDBOX

I came to the old red house on the hill  
Where the stately tamaracks grow,  
And found in the parlor a lilac box  
Sprayed over with flowers of snow.  
It belonged to Pryntha in days gone by  
And it held her most treasured things,  
Her lavender veil and bonnet of lace,  
And ribbons and fluffy pink wings.

But now, Pryntha lives in the city, you know,  
And dresses in satin and lace,  
With diamonds and pearls and emeralds too,  
To crown with their splendor, her face.  
And she has forgotten the things up here,  
That she loved in her girlhood days,  
And drives an automobile through the park,  
And sits in a box at the plays.

But the lilac box holds her old-fashioned things,  
The bonnet and lavender veil,  
And 'round the house standing here on the hill,  
The flowers in the shadows grow pale.  
But her favorite perfume—sweet mignonette,  
To the lilac bandbox still clings,  
That Pryntha once loved and handled with care,  
Containing her most treasured things.

### LADY MARY'S WISH

HARK! again I hear the music  
Of the birds among the trees  
That surround the dear old homestead,  
Far away across the seas.  
And I see the mossy gables  
And the vine-clad sloping eaves  
Burdened with the trailing  
With its mass of emerald leaves.

I can hear the church-bells chiming  
In the village just beyond,  
And the balmy winds of summer  
Sighing through the fields of corn.  
And I seem to catch the fragrance  
On the waft of winds that blow  
From the green and sunny corner  
Where the royal roses grow.

I was but a bashful maiden  
When I left the dear old home,  
With a handsome dark-eyed stranger,  
In a foreign land to roam.  
Ah, I listened to his pleadings,  
And the stories that he told,  
And the gleaming of his jewels,  
And the glitter of his gold.

While my parents sweetly slumbered  
    In the peaceful arms of rest,  
Closely veiled I left the homestead  
    Leaning on my lover's breast.  
Sorrow filled my childish bosom,  
    Sorrow that no one can know,  
As I plucked these fragrant blossoms  
    Where the royal roses grow.

Long ago dear father's perished  
    On the northern stormy sea,  
And dear mother died heart broken  
    At the loss of him and me.  
But I'm told that still the roses  
    Blossom in the sun and dew,  
And the song birds sing their carols  
    Blithe and free the long days through.

I am wealthy, and the splendor  
    Of my mansion towers high;  
I have gardens rich with beauty—  
    Pleasing to the human eye.  
But I'd give them all unflinching,  
    Could I feel and really know  
I could find the same sweet comfort  
    Where the royal roses grow.

## A SPRAY OF LAVENDER

ONLY a spray of lavender  
All dripping with crystal rain,  
And living a life of beauty  
Triumphant o'er every pain.  
Yes, rich are the spikes that cluster,  
A-kin to the heaven's blue,  
And sweet is the perfume rising  
Thrilling me through and through.

Only a spray of lavender  
With its balm of healing—Love,  
And pure as the zephyrs blowing  
From the sun-crowned skies above.  
On my desk in a slender tumbler,  
Where I work from morn until night,  
I brought it to feed my spirit  
And flood my soul with its light.

Only a spray of lavender  
I weave in a glad sweet song,  
To help life's weary soldier  
To stand in the battle strong,  
For flowers, and work, and laughter  
Can heal all sorrowful things,  
And bear the burden of trouble  
Away on their rainbow wings.

## THE PERFECT MAN

THE man who loves his fellowmen,  
The same, his God doth love;  
His character is true as steel  
And fixed as stars above.  
And everywhere he finds a friend  
Among the high and low,  
And men respect and honor him  
Wherever he may go.

The children find in him a friend  
That fills their lives with joy.  
And with his hugs and kisses, they  
Can each wrong act destroy.  
He knows that life is but to love,  
And love is highest life,  
And he who walks with God each day  
Can baffle every strife.

The world soon reads and finds that he  
Is every inch a man,  
And in his every walk of life  
They see God's holy plan.  
There's honesty, and pity, too,  
And charity for all,  
And there's an arm to shield the weak  
And lift them when they fall.

The man who lives through life unloved,  
Will find his pathway lone,  
And scattered o'er with dying flowers  
That should have decked his throne.  
He'll find that he has wandered where  
The things of evil are,  
Since love is life and life is love,—  
Man's true and guiding star.

AT the echoing of a step, Love blooms.  
I say Love blooms, and bends her  
beauty down to him who passeth by. He  
plucketh the red cup that is full of honey  
and beareth it away across the desert,  
for there is only one perfect flower. That  
flower is Love!

H. RIDER HAGGARD



## THE GOLDEN TREE

IT grew in a rich man's garden,  
The beautiful golden tree,  
And through it the light winds whispered  
And sang the songs of the sea.  
It sang of a soul not happy,  
Though with gold and jewels galore,  
A palace and servants and horses,  
And roses abloom at his door.

It grew in a poor man's garden,  
The beautiful golden tree,  
And through it the sunbeams filtered  
And it sang to the tenants, three.  
It sang, but they were not happy;  
They worried and fretted each day.  
Love came, but still they were praying  
That fortune might come their way.

They prayed and their pray'rs were answered  
But not in the way they thought,  
For gold cannot make one happy—  
Ah, friend, what has gold not bought?  
The rich man could not be happy,  
Although he was rolling in wealth.  
He took so much time at pleasure,  
He sacrificed manhood and health.

God plants in every man's garden,  
    A beautiful golden tree,  
And sends him the fruit in its season,  
    And has blest him and made him free.  
We toil, and Labor rewards,  
    For all the kind deeds we have done—  
We fall from the blow of the tempest,  
    But rise with the morning's bright sun.

THE thought of having friends and of being a friend comes to us like a benison and a benediction. The recognition in your life of the fact that to have friends you must be one, is a religion. We are traveling toward the beautiful City of the Ideal and the suburbs are very pleasant.

ELBERT HUBBARD

## WISTARIA BLOSSOMS

I dreamed last night that I was free  
And walked, dear love, with you,  
Where sweet Wistaria blossoms hung  
In clusters faintly blue.  
We heard the whisperings of the sea  
Upon the silver shore,  
We heard the singing of the lark  
Beside your cottage door.

I'm sure that heave'n ne'er could be  
More fair than that one day  
Nor blue Wistarias half so sweet  
Nor song of bird so gay.  
But well—alas—'twas but a dream,  
And never may come true,  
But prison-walls can never bar  
The love I have for you.

For lo, you gathered just a few  
Of those sweet blossoms gay,  
And one, you pinned upon my coat,  
That blessed summer's day.  
We walked and talked and oh, it seemed  
So good that I was free!  
Our hearts were welded firm and fast,  
That hour beside the sea.

But dear, some kind and loving soul  
Has sent a flow'r to me;  
It is the sweet Wistaria, dear,  
Like those beside the sea.  
No written line was sent with them,  
But in their fragrant blue,  
I saw a face—a loving face—  
'Twas you, sweetheart, 'twas you!

**I**N the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour of gladness and conviviality, what is your want? It is friendship. When the heart overflows with gratitude, or with any other sweet and sacred sentiment, what is the word to which it would give utterance? A friend.

W. S. LANDOR

## I WAS IN PRISON

I was in prison and fettered  
Desolate, sad and alone;  
My food was coarse and scanty,  
And my bed was out of stone.  
I prayed for some kindly visit,  
But my prayers all went astray;  
Dark shadows arose like phantoms,  
And haunted me night and day.

I dreamed, and I dreamed of your kindness  
When I was happy and free,  
And I thought that you rose and followed  
The Man of Galilee.  
I listened and dreamed and worshiped  
And tried to believe that I,  
Could build a Castle of Beauty  
Under a clouded sky.

I was in prison and fettered  
And lo, you never came near;  
You whom I thought my brother,  
And loyal from year to year.  
You could have at least sent sunshine  
Into my lonely life;  
You could have made less heavy,  
My burden of sin and strife!

But now your love has been tested !  
God has revealed it to me,  
While I, like Job have been chastened  
With fires of God's mystery,  
'Till the clouds that darkened my pathway  
Has turned to silver and gold,  
And white and pure as the lilies,  
I have seen the Truth unfold.

I was in prison and fettered,  
And I thought and dreamed you.  
You ! whom I heard in the temple  
Among the faithful few.  
But I saw through a window darkened  
By Vanity's subtle art;  
I failed to see the falsehood  
That ruled and reigned in your heart.

**MUSIC** is a bigger weapon for stopping  
disorder than anything on earth.

**BANDMASTER HARTLEY**  
(OF THE TITANIC)

## THE WRECK OF THE TITANIC

ON through the night with its thousand stars  
And the broken ice like snowy spars,  
The good ship rode with mirth and song,  
A palace of wealth for a happy throng.  
“Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
E’en though it be a cross that raiseth me.”

But harken! oh God, I hear a cry  
From men and women who dare not die;  
The lights grow dim—and all is drear  
For the Angel of Death is hovering near,  
And lips grow pale, and hearts beat fast,—  
For an iceberg shattered the brow and mast.

A roar like thunder rends the night,  
A wail of woe—a flash of light,  
The funnels fall, the lifeboats toss,  
The billows knell the vessel’s loss,  
Yet, there are men, brave, firm and strong,  
Who face their death with God’s sweet song.

’Tis gone! the gallant ship is gone,  
In pearly splendor breaks the morn,  
And bits of wreckage here and there,  
And a haunting song—so like a pray’r.  
“Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
Still all my song shall be—Nearer to Thee.”

## A LEGEND OF THE PANSY

IN purple garments richly strewn  
With beads of milky pearls,  
Lorena walked the garden through  
With diamonds in her curls.  
And at her side a gallant youth  
In army's loyal blue  
Beneath the spreading cypress tree,  
Pledged ever to be true.

'Twas 'mid the fume of fire and smoke  
Upon a battlefield,  
The soldier lay in throes of death  
Upon his blade of steel.  
But ere he died, these lines he wrote  
With blood fresh from his breast;  
"Lorena, when these lines you get,  
My soul will be at rest."

Beneath the mellow silver moon,  
Lorena at the gate  
Received the letter from her love  
And read his touching fate.  
They found her when the morning dawned  
In opal, pearl and rose;  
Her purple gown was drenched with dew,  
She died, 'mid flow'ry snows.



And from the spot where she had lain  
    There sprang to life anew,  
A lovely flow'r in purple tints  
    And palest shades of blue.  
Its center was of yellow gold,  
    So like her sunny curls,  
With diamond drops of crystal rain  
    That glimmered like her pearls.

It grew in marvelous beauty ,rare,  
    So like a human face,  
It seemed to be her very self  
    With all her childish grace.  
And still it blossoms every year  
    Through wind and silver rain,  
And so we know that in its heart,  
    Lorena lives again.

HOW curious the thought of the past  
    is! Nearly forty years ago this  
month I was married. The moonlight  
on the water looked exactly the same  
that evening as it does now. How  
many lives we seem to live in one! I  
heard the cricket in the grass, the same  
sound I hear to-night.

CELIA THAXTER

## SWEET COLUMBINE

SWEET columbine of olden days,  
You bring to mind sweet pleasures,  
And many songs and happy lays  
In love's enraptured measures.  
You bring to me a host of friends,  
A summer's golden morning,  
And many a rainbow flow'r that bends  
My path in life adorning.

You speak to me and bless the way  
That often seems so dreary,  
And bid me greet the coming day  
And cease to be so weary.  
You fill my soul with love and peace  
And set the joy-bells ringing,  
And every day these joys increase  
And I keep up my singing.

Sweet columbine of olden days,  
Help me in song and story,  
To cheer the toilers in life's ways,  
And give to God the glory.  
Help me to live the patient life,  
And bless me with your beauty,  
That I may conquer every strife  
And wear the crown of duty!

## AN OLD LOVE SONG

I can hear the bluebird singing  
In the orchard by the sea,  
I can hear his merry music  
O, so sweet.  
Just the same as when you whispered  
Of the love you bore for me,  
As you knelt in Love's sweet fashion  
At my feet.

O, those sacred vows we plighted  
To be true 'till Death should part,  
Living closely to each other  
Day by day.  
How the wild-rose burst in beauty  
While its fragrance did impart,  
As it kissed that sunny morning  
In its sway.

But those years, they now have vanished  
And we are old and gray,  
Still the bluebird sings his carols  
Mid the dew,  
Just as in the early springtime  
When the flowers were sweet with May,  
And you told me that you loved me  
Just and true.

## THE ROSE AND THE VIOLIN

**T**WAS years since I had tuned the strings,  
For I am past youth's prime,  
And I am bent with many years  
Beneath the hand of Time.  
But when I took her picture up  
Last night at early dusk,  
A fragrance seemed to fill the room  
Of lavender and musk.

And so I tuned the strings once more  
And played the dear old tune,  
And sang the song I sung that night  
So long ago in June.  
The crimson rose she flung to me  
Gave back its breath again,  
And twixt her presence and the flow'r,  
I sang the sweet refrain.

And ah! I felt upon my brow  
The touch of shad'wy lips'  
And on my arm in gentle love,  
I felt her finger tips.  
But her lips and finger tips were cold  
As autumns frost and gloom;  
Ah, can it be, she waits for me  
Within the silent tomb?

The withered rose and violin  
Once more I've lain away;  
Its brittle leaves of sober brown  
Are falling to decay.  
But while the days of life pass by  
As if on fleeting wings,  
The spirit of that happy song  
Still lives among the strings.

IT is not for you to waste your time in  
useless speculation as to the know-  
able source of your life-stream, or in  
seeking to trace it in the ocean. It is  
enough for you to know that it is, and  
that while it runs its brief course, it is  
yours to make it yield its blessings.  
For this you must train your head and  
and eye and brain—you must be in life  
a fisherman,

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

## THE SUNSET CLOUDS

I've been watching the clouds of sunset  
Settling over the hills,  
With their snowy whiteness a-glimmer  
Like the finest of lacy frills.  
Very soon, they were 'broirdered with golden  
Upon a crimson hue,  
Till they looked like red rose petals  
Against a sky of blue.

Then softly they deepened in color,  
Just as our dear friends do,  
When we need most, a hand to help us,  
A kind word or two.  
And I thought as I watched it fading  
There in the summer sky,  
I would try and strengthen some spirit,  
Sick and ready to die.

I would try and utter some sentence,  
Or sing some happy song,  
And walk with them and be merry,  
And help to make them strong;  
To make them joyous and helpful  
As those bright cloudlets do  
Gathering over the hilltops  
Against a sky of blue.

But now the clouds grow darker  
And I am left alone,  
Save for a star in its beauty  
So like a great white throne.  
And that shall be light to lead me  
Forever on the way,  
And teach my soul to be thankful  
For one sweet summer day.

**D**O not seek happiness in what is  
misnamed pleasure; but seek it  
in what is termed study. Keep your  
conscience clear, your curiosity keen  
and embrace every opportunity of  
cultivating your mind.

HUGH MILLER

**M**AKE each day useful, and prove that you know the worth of time by employing it well. Then youth will be happy, old age without regret, and life a beautiful success.

Louisa M. Alcott.

**F**ACE your deficiencies and acknowledge them, but do not let them master you. Let them teach you patience, sweetness and insight. When we do the best we can, we never know what is wrought in our own life, or in the life of another.

HELEN KELLER

**W**E are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

JOHN RUSKIN



## A FLOWER

IN Life's garden there's a flower,  
Leaves of purest shining gold,  
Filled with heaven's rarest beauty,  
Every morning to unfold.  
'Tis the sacred flower of Friendship  
And it lives from day to day,  
While the others fade and wither,  
And the winds toss them away.

God has made it pure and sacred  
As the holy stars above;  
'Tis the emblem of His kingdom,  
'Tis the mercy of His love.  
Let this sweet and sacred flower  
Bloom within your heart today.  
It will help you when the tempest  
Sweeps across your narrow way.

It will help you when the sunset  
Deepens with its shadows long,  
And 'twill fill your soul with gladness,  
Like a half-forgotten song.  
Learn that Heaven's sweetest flower  
Shatters not, in winter's blast,  
But it blooms and thrives profusely,  
Evergreen, unto the last!

## THE VILLAGE INFIDEL

HE used to loaf 'round the station—  
Joe, the village infidel;  
The people said he was worthless—  
A sure candidate for hell.  
He didn't think much of the Christians  
That passed him by every day  
So different from Jesus of Nazareth,  
Who scattered love all the way.

He didn't give "dimes" to the wealthy,  
Or those far richer than he,  
But he had a heart for the toilers,  
And was filled with charity.  
He used to shake hands with Labor,  
And in every cheery word  
He spoke, there was more real sunshine,  
Then often in sermons heard.

Whenever he heard of sickness,  
He would lend a helping hand  
If the stricken one was needy  
And a toiler of the land.  
His watchward to heaven was "sunshine,"  
And forgiveness unto all,  
And a hand to the brother, worthless,  
Who from manhood used to fall.

He always was near to strengthen,  
And then bring him safely back  
And get him once more well started  
Off, on the straight main track.  
But he didn't count much on the church-men—  
The followers of the bell,  
And so he was called the infidel—  
One of the black imps of hell.

But I think old Joe's religion  
Was something after all!  
For it kept right on to the finish,  
Until he had reached the wall.  
And his soul when it passed, was happy,  
Because the pastor had said,  
Before old Joe died, he muttered:  
"Green signals! O. K. ahead!"

**G**IVE me every day a little work to  
occupy my mind; a little suffering  
to sanctify my spirit; a little good to do  
to comfort my heart.

C. M. YONGE

## IN THE SHADOW OF MT. TAMALPAIS

**I**N the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais  
Stands a prison dark and grim  
In a garden rich with blossoms,  
Snowy lilies fair and slim.  
There are men in stripes, and shaven  
All alike, it seems—but ah,  
Some have caught the Holy vision—  
Wisemen and the Wondrous Star.

In the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais  
There are men both vile and mean,  
But you'll find them in the Temple—  
With the righteous they are seen.  
But among them there are warm hearts,  
Under sin's deep branded scar,  
So to-day, they bow and worship;  
They have seen the Wondrous Star.

In the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais  
Sweetest flowers bud and blow;  
Climbing roses pink and fragrant,  
Lilies white as flakes of snow.  
And when midnight sounds in music  
On the warm and sultry air,  
Many a soul has found sweet comfort  
Through a single hour of pray'r.

In the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais  
    Stands a prison dark and grim,  
But the spirit of the Master  
    Walks and talks with men within.  
And when Christmas morning settles  
    Like a halo o'er the place,  
You will see a beam of glory  
    In each sin-forgiven face.

THE rich are difficult to please. They must have the finest grass to sit down on and their gardens must afford the most delicious shade. But the poor do not exact so much from the good God, and are content with the more simple things of life and are content and grateful to lay their heads on the nearest stone. The weeds and thistles do not disturb them. Nothing, is bad to those who know the virtue of all things that God has created. If we knew the use of the smallest herb that we crush beneath our feet, we would neither despise its odor or appearance. People too often despise the things which appear neither beautiful nor good, and in so doing deprive themselves of what is valuable and useful.

GEORGE SAND

## AVE MARIA

I heard a song in my dreams last night,  
It was sweet and clear and grand,  
And it filled my soul with radiant light  
As if from the Promised Land.  
It was the voice of my mother dear,  
Singing in Paradise,  
That I saw beyond the clouds appear  
And the azure of the skies.

And I never can drive it from my soul  
Though I walk the paths of sin,  
For it glorifies the heavenly goal  
Like the sunshine pouring in.  
And so she came in my dreams last night  
And sang as in days of yore,  
And her song was a prayer of holy light  
And she sang it o'er and o'er.

And this I know, when I'm called to go  
To join the heavenly throng,  
I shall leave this world of pride below  
And shall hear that glad sweet song.  
Shall hear the song that has lifted me  
Into a holier clime,  
Out from the depth of a boisterous sea,  
Up to a life sublime.

## THE NAZARENE

I N a lowly manger sleeping,  
Lay the Christ, an infant child,  
While dear Mary sang God's praises  
And the angels sweetly smiled.  
Overhead a star was shining,  
'Twas the love of God, I ween,  
Leading shepherds from the mountains  
To the little Nazarene.

O, the songs of praise and worship,  
And the jewels that were brought,  
And the stern black hate of Herod,  
Brooding on a bloody thought!  
But the child he grew to manhood,  
Teaching men of things unseen  
That would make them heirs of Heaven,—  
This was Christ, the Nazarene.

Lo! he healed the sick and palsied,  
Gave the blind their sight again,  
Broke the chains that bound the cripple,  
Soothed a world of grief and pain.  
Still the bitter hate of Herod  
Plotted on amid the scene  
Of the miracles encompassed  
By the lowly Nazarene.

On the height of Calvary's mountain,  
    Crucified, the Christ was nailed,  
But when God spoke in the thunder,  
    Lo, their hardened faces paled.  
Still among the Roman soldiers,  
    Herod's hate was to be seen,  
For some souls were ever saying,  
    "Was not this the Nazarene?"

And the question still is pouring  
    From the lips of mighty men;  
Even poets sometimes mock Him,  
    Skeptical with tongue and pen.  
But to all the world I answer:  
    "He's the Son of God ! so lean  
On His strength and love, forever!  
    Follow Christ, the Nazarene."

IT is said: One will not complain unless  
    he feels the pain ! True, but who can  
tell that one's estimate of the extent and  
nature of the injury, is correct ?

SALIM Y. ALKAZIN













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